10:St. Johnston G-5 (no date) 1918
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and walked along for some distance, the islanders joining our little retinue behind and asking, with many jests and flashes of white teeth, the latest gossip from "the capital." Presently, a horseman approached, splendidly upright, and making a fine picture with his great head of hair carefully combed out, and his proud cast of countenance. But his saddlery would hardly have passed muster in Rotten Row, for it consisted of a loose sack thrown across the pony, and a short length of rope twisted loosely round the animal's nose by a noose in the middle, the two ends running backwards to form the reins! Equipped thus, he yet maintained a beautiful seat; and at our approach vaulted off with an astonishing dexterity, and remained standing until we had passed, a smile of welcome lighting up his handsome features.[1] I heard my clerk ask him where he was going (the usual form of salutation in these islands, and not intended for unseemly curiosity), and his reply was, "To the next town to let them know the Turagas have arrived."

On nearing the town our approach was sighted by watchful boys, who raced back with a flash of brown legs, and presently we heard the deep booming of the *lali*[2] announcing our arrival. Passing along the main street of the town, bor-

[1] According to Polynesian custom no one may be (literally) raised to a higher position than a chief.
[2] Hollow wooden drum.